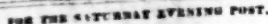


**Whole No**

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 20, 1883.

Vol. II.—No. 51.  
Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, north side, four doors below Second street, at \$2 per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or \$3 at the end of the year.



The grass-grown grasses of verdure bright,  
Which drink the dewy tears of night,  
Give to my soul such chaste delight,  
As none can tell—  
I think how soon I too shall rest,  
My aching head on mossy daisies' drest,  
And sleep upon my Saviour's breast,  
Where pleasures dwell—

## THE MORALIST.

It was not thus with the places I visited during the short space of cessation from task and toil that the week allowed. The meadow, where in true joviality of heart I had leaped, and raced, and played—this recalled the contentedness of mind and the overflowing tide of delight I once experienced, when, climbing the stile which led into it, I left behind me the book and the task. How

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

made us nearly dead. We retreated in haste to pail in mirth, and partly in sorrow at the scene we had witnessed. We called on several others, and Tom had something to say to all; a joke here, and a sly laugh at that one. Returning home he unfolded to me a plan which he said he had for some time contemplated carrying into execution. "You know," said he, "old Sordid the usurer, he came to this village when quite a young man, and was employed by a storekeeper to assist him in his business. When his employer died, (who was a few years after he went to him) he took his store, and by his cleverness in dealing, and miserly habits, acquired a sum which was far from being considered a trifle at that period. This was nearly thirty years ago. Since that time his money has grown, by lending it at extravagant rates of interest, to an enormous sum. Never did pity inhibit his bosom, or sorrow for the unfortunate find an entrance to his heart. He appears as if he had no friend, nor relation on earth. I have accidentally discovered that he is the slave of superstition. To him, when the sun has withdrawn his rays, every shadow seems a ghost, and every one he meets, some evil spirit. A disagreeable dread will make him unhappy for a long period. I mean to take advantage of his credulity and frighten him into an act of virtue and benevolence. Come with me and I will show you in what manner." We proceeded to the miser's house, which was a mean low building, and seemed like the abode of poverty and distress. Tom knocked at the door no answer was returned; he knocked a second time, all was still. The wretch shall answer me said Tom, or I will shake his house down. He knocked again and made a tremendous noise. "Who disturbs a peaceable man at this hour," said a voice within. "Those whom you cannot refuse to admit," replied Tom, "so open the door, we are your fellow-townsmen, and you need fear no danger from us. I have that to tell you that you will not hear with indifference. My name is Tom Wilson, my companion is my friend F—whom you certainly must know. The old man slowly unbolted the door, and admitted us. Fear was imprinted on his countenance, and a feeling of painful curiosity seemed to chain his tongue. Tom approached him and whispered something in his ear. The miser's face assumed an ash-blue hue. He retreated to the wall, and heaved a hoarse groan. Tom seemed to enjoy the scene and after a pause said "What I have to request is this, that you go into ——— street, to morrow night, at ten o'clock, where you will see a family in the utmost distress, famishing with hunger, and miserable in the extreme; relieve their wants, and be got sparing of your assistance for remember that neither heaven nor hell is to be trifled with. The

**"I'LL LEAVE MY CARD"**  
The present may, with much propriety, be said to be the age of heartlessness. Empty ceremony and heartless formality have usurped the place of friendly attentions and social intercourse. Modesty is exactly opposed to singularity. This seems to be a tacit understanding between man and man, woman and woman, to deceive and be deceived; and he who plays off these counterfeits tracks the most a head in the crowd.

Walking the other day with a friend, or, v  
one who make a friendly pretension—"If you  
excuse me a moment," said he, "I will call  
Mr. Clericus; he is out of town, I believe; I s  
overtake you with a few steps." So saying,  
took from his pocket a card-case—knocked at  
door—made the accustomed inquiry, and han  
his card to the servant—"Cancelled at a  
moment," said he, when he had overtaken me—  
always observe great punctuality in returning  
civilities of my friends—"But why," I inquir  
"did you call on Mr. C. when you knew he  
not at home?" "Oh!" exclaimed he, "It an  
every purpose of a visit, and is far less trouble  
is vastly tedious; but I was in debt to him  
the score of civilities"—This paper curren  
find is in general circulation; the sterling co  
real friendship has become scarce, now and  
we meet with a few antiquated pieces, and  
are pretty much out of date. "Susan," said  
Miss Stilliver, "we shall go out this morn  
and make calls, the day is fine and I sh  
generally be out; the Misses Odgers are o  
of journey to the White Hills; Miss Mantrin r  
soon from Newburyport, and Miss Tremak  
staying in Boston." "You can leave my car  
said the mother, with matronly honesty, "at  
Homebread's and Mrs. Starchcap's, if they ha  
not to be at home, the servant will not notice  
mistake

Now I am strongly opposed to all this  
moral considerations. The young are instr  
in dissimulation and insincerity; servants  
taught to reconnoitre at the porch window  
prevaricate. The human character is suffici  
bad, it much needs amendment. Let the ci  
one's friends be small if he chooses; but let it  
hearty and genuine with those who profess to  
united in the silken bands of friendship. All  
cold ceremony is downright mockery of all th  
open, fair and honourable—it is disgraceful in  
human character—mere stuff—empty chaff—  
than the paper that is made the vehicle of a  
decent, without its purity.

The widow Tripit fitted by my window  
sprightly knock summoned the servant to the  
—"I am not at home this morning, Susan.  
am honest and consistent, you see, I will  
spare my wife, although I expect a certain le  
if she detects my scribbling.—The servant ent  
with a card—"I thought, my dear, you were  
on the most intimate terms with the widow  
since the disclosure of Maria Blah's<sup>100</sup> —"

### DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor."  
There is no period of the year so calculated to  
awaken those feelings which the Poet has de-  
scribed as "pleasing," as the present season.  
The beautiful hues which diversify the pro-  
sperous scenery, when the forest trees rise "shaded  
in shade, a woody theatre," mixed with the so-  
ber but constant green of the Pine, and contrasted  
with the brown suit which has succeeded those

gled sensations which delight in the present but which carry our ideas to the desolation Winter brings. Even now the path strewn with fallen leaves, and the muttering of gale storms, press upon the feelings, and we but connect it with ideas, "thus flourisher fades, snaj's ic man."

Perhaps no lady was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent d'Orléans, who governed France during the minority of Louis XIV.

Thus she speaks of her own appearance and manners: "From my earliest I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid attention to dress, because diamond dress were sure to attract attention. My husband, on the other hand, loved to surround himself with jewels, and was well satisfied at my dislike of them, as it saved expenses for the possession of them. On great days he used to make me remarks which I did greatly against my will have every thing that incommodes me. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I turned my head whenever I passed a mirror—every body else did. I laughed because I had too much self-love to the sight of my own ugliness. I have been very ugly in my youth. I have no sort of features; with little twinkling eyes, a short snub nose, and long thick lips, the whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive. My face was large, my cheeks, and yet my figure was short and *stumpy*; in short, I was a very homely person. Except for the goodness of my disposition no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover any thing like intelligence in my eyes, except by the aid of a microscope. Perhaps there was a little of the face of the earth such another ugly hands as mine. The King often laughed at me, and set me laughing about it. As I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the same, and laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me











